

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

BENJAMIN S. JONES, EDITOR.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVE SOLDIERS."

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The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

From the American Missionary. CONFFLICT BETWEEN CHRISTIANITY AND SLAVERY.

The persecution and expulsion of our missionaries, and of other Christians, from Kentucky and North Carolina, and the imprisonment of the Rev. Daniel Worth, have awakened a general feeling of indignation. As the burning of chapels, the persecutions of British Missionaries in the West Indies, and the personal outrages inflicted on them, aroused British Christians, and led to the emancipation of the 800,000 slaves in the West Indies; so these outrages on our missionaries prompted to unite the efforts of the Christian and humane people of this country, for the deliverance of the 4,000,000 of our enslaved brethren.

That the fate of our liberties, civil and religious and the character of our Christianity, are suspended upon the question whether the Church will expose slavery from its body, and, under God, exert its power and influence for the speedy overthrow of that iniquity, cannot be intelligently doubted.

In view of the alarming facts recently brought before the people, the following considerations are respectfully presented to the friends of Christ, and of Humanity, by the Executive Committee of this Association.

The time was, when slaveholders, generally, acknowledged slavery to be wrong, and many of them were compelled by conscience and the Word of God, to emancipate their slaves. They felt that the Bible required that the oppressed should go free; that every yoke should be broken, so that it should not be cast upon men—so that the gate of life against men-slaves, in common with drunkards, adulterers and unfeathers. But slavery has triumphed over such fears, by the aid of religious teachers who have sold themselves to pervert the Scriptures, and destroy the foundations of right. These false teachers never reverence for ethics which authorizes the sealing of men, women and children, the separation of their families, general concubinage, and the whole catalogue of crimes; and that place the Bible, as a system of morals, below the lowest conceptions of justice and right, even among wicked men.

A system of despotism that crushes out the freedom of will, as well as of action, is not satisfied with the subjection of the slave. Non-slaveholders next feel its haughty bearing, in every interest, social, industrial, educational, political and religious. Law and judgments are both directed by the will of the slaveholders, who controls their legislation and jurisprudence. Men of independent thought and action, who feel the value of free speech, are met, not merely with neglect, but with persecution; they are driven out, or subjected to tar and feathers, and other forms of violence, by lynching-vigilance committees, and it is not philosophical to suppose that, having the spirit of slavery fostered from childhood, strengthened by education and the force of habit, the demands of the slaveholding class will be satisfied with inflicting wrongs upon the slaves and the poor whites. Slavery seizes the reigns of government, and by threatening, brow-beating, and outrages on all who are not in its own service, divides and conquers. Its final arguments are the bludgeon, the bowie-knife, and the revolver. With but slight intervals, slaveholders have had possession of the Government from its commencement, and have used its power effectually, against freedom and justice.

But the turning back of justice, the debasement of government, and the other barbarities engendered by slavery, are not so disastrous as its war against Christianity, its corruption of the only perfect system for individuals and for society, its deluding the people with the idea that they have Christianity, when its principles of righteousness, peace and benevolence, are all subverted, and turned by its professors into instruments of violence. For a Christianity, without a Christ of love and justice, is a mockery; and its lying against the truth, to appease conscience, is an evil terrible to be practised and defended.

THE CONFLICT INEVITABLE.

Christianity has its moral basis in the Law of God. That law asserts the dominion of God over all creatures, and requires the supreme worship of all intelligent beings. Slavery assumes pretensions which belong only to God. Claiming dominion over men, and standing between God and the slave, is requires of him, fear, homage, and the vicinal worship of the master, whose will it makes supreme. The law of God, and its exposition by Christ, require perfect benevolence, and that we love our fellow-men as ourselves. Slavery is the perfection of selfishness; it denies the slave his manhood, robs him of the fruits of his labor, and holds him, his wife and children, subject to sale, separation, and outrage, without remedy.

From the National Intelligencer.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF LEATHER.

PROCESSES OF FORMATION.—The skins of various animals, in their fresh state, are flexible, tough, and elastic, but in drying become hard and horny. The art of restoring the supple qualities to skins and rendering them durable appears to have been discovered at a very early period, and the word leather—from the Sanscrit, litha, or lithi—indicates the quality of suppleness. Leather is formed by the chemical union of the cutis or true skin of an animal with an astringent vegetable principle known as tannin, or tannic acid. Leather may, however, be prepared by impregnating the skin with alum, oil, or grease. In the animal hide or skin the outer part, which is covered with hair or wool, is called the epidermis, or cuticle, below which is the reticulated tissue, and then, in contact with the flesh, is the dermis, or true skin, which is the only part which admits of being tanned, and varies in thickness in different parts. When the tannin, which is soluble in water, is applied to the hides of animals from which molts it, slavery denies even the right of property and necessitates a system of universal concealment.

Christianity requires purity of life and heart; the virtue of each person sacred, and aims the flaming sword of divine justice at him that violates it. Slavery denies even the right of property and necessitates a system of universal concealment.

Christianity, as well as the moral law says, "Thou shalt not kill." Slavery holds the life of the slave in its power, and its laws are so arranged,

that into leather those supplied by bulls are thicker, stronger, and coarser in the grain than those of cows, while the hides of bullocks are intermediate between those of the bull and the cow. Such leather is employed for the soles of boots and shoes, for many parts of saddlery and harness, for making leather trunks, buckets, hose for fire-engines, pump-valves, &c.

CONVERTING HIDES INTO HARD LEATHER.—The process necessary to convert hides into the thick hard leather used for the soles of boots and shoes is as follows: The horns are removed from the hides, and the latter are scraped, scoured, and sweated, and the hair removed. The hides are then immersed for a few days in a liquid which opens the pores and fits them for the action of the tanning ingredients.

In the old method of tanning, which is not yet

entirely abandoned, the hides and powdered bark were laid in alternate layers in the tan-pit, which was then filled with water to the brim. After some months the pit was emptied and refilled with fresh bark and water, and this process was repeated whenever the strength of the bark was exhausted. In this way the time required for impregnating the hides varied, according to their thickness and other circumstances, from one to four years. The process has been expedited by the use of a concentrated solution of bark instead of mere layers of bark in water. The variations of practice among different tanners extend to the substances used as an astringent, as well as to the manner of applying it.

VARIOUS MATERIALS USED.—Ground oak bark,

which was formerly the only material in common use, and is still the most general, produces good leather of a light fawn color. Valonia, of which considerable quantities are used by tanners, produces leather of great solidity and weight, the color of which is inclined to gray, and which is more impervious to water than that made with oak bark. Catgut, or terrapajones, produces leather of a dark reddish fawn color, which is light, spongy, and pervious to water in a high degree.

Another substance which has been used of late years is a kind of bean-pod called divi-divi. These substances are used either individually or in various combinations, and they are prepared with plain water or with lime, with hot water or with cold, according to the judgment of the tanner. In whatever way the tanning is effected, the hide is subjected to the action of solutions increasing progressively in strength, until it is perfectly penetrated that when cut through it presents a uniform brown color, any appearance of a light streak in the middle of its thickness being an indication of imperfect tanning. When the process is complete the hides are hung up and allowed to dry slowly, and while they are drying they are pressed by heating or rubbing, or by passing them between rollers, to give them firmness and ad-

herence, and where it is thick they rise up, so that no part escapes the action of the knife. The divided skins are not sewed up into bags, as from their thickness they can be scoured quickly.

ORNAMENTAL LEATHER.—As there are attempts being made to revive the beautiful art of ornamenting in higher artistic branches, so does the art of embossing and gilding leather seem likely to meet with some revival. Embossed leather, ornamental in gold, silver, and colors, was formerly manufactured and employed very extensively.

It was much used at one time as tapestry for rooms, and the Alhambra in Spain is said to contain some very rich specimens. The leathers so employed were made of calf, goat, and sheep skins, the very best sorts being made from goats or calves' skins ingeniously connected together, and the surface was colored over previously to being painted. The effect of gold was produced by a varnish of yellow color laid on the silver.

The embossing was done by the pressure from dies, the minute ornaments being produced by tools—the method corresponding to that adopted by bookbinders at the present day. Some of these leather decorations are of great richness and ad-

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effect the general result on Slavery, however, their number is small; their influence, by constant friction with the proslavery system, had become sensibly diminished; and their movements in the Conference would have been seriously embarrassed.

But most of the movements to be obtained in this country is brought here from sheep skins. The name is derived from the kingdom of Morocco, whence it supposed the manner of preparing this leather was first borrowed. Morocco is, however, brought from the Levant, Barbary, Spain, Flanders, and Russia—red, black, yellow, blue, &c.

The process has been latterly greatly simplified, and the brilliancy and durability of the Turkey red successfully imitated. The peculiar ribbed appearance of morocco is given by means of a ball of bog wood, on which is a number of narrow ridges.

Sheepskin morocco is prepared from split

skins, a peculiar arrangement of machine being employed for this purpose.

Instead of stretching the skin on a drum, it is passed between two rollers, the lesser one of gun metal and solid, and the upper one of gun-metal rings, while between the two rollers, and nearly in contact, is the edge of the sharp knife, which is moved by a crank.

When a skin is introduced between the two rollers, it is dragged through against the knife edge and divided, the solid lower roller supporting the membrane, while the upper one, being capable of moving through a small space by means of rings, adjusts itself to inequalities in the membrane, where this is thin the rings become depressed, and where it is thick they rise up, so that no part escapes the action of the knife. The divided skins are not sewed up into bags, as from their thickness they can be scoured quickly.

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THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE IN TROY.

An Exciting Scene—A Chase And Acrobatic River—The Fugitive is Rescued by a Mob and Escapes.

In addition to the telegram relating to this case, published last week, we give the following correspondence from the Albany *Evening Journal* of the 18th:

Troy, April 28.—About one year ago a colored man came to this county, and obtained work at Safford Lake. A month or so ago he removed to Troy, where, being an intelligent workman and of industrious habits, he was employed at good wages in the car factory of Eaton, Gilbert & Co., and was earning a respectable livelihood. He is married and has two children.

Some time ago he confided to a man named Averill, a discharged employee in the *Budget* office, that he was a fugitive slave from Virginia. His name was Charles Nalle, and his master was W. W. Hamberrough, of Culpepper county, Va. He wanted Averill to help him get some of his legalities out of slavery.

Averill, however, betrayed him, by writing to Mr. Hamberrough and giving him information to enable him to recover his lost property. The master's agents came on with the necessary papers and testimony; the services of the Deputy Marshal and his assistants were secured, the price to be paid Averill for his job agreed upon, and all was arranged for his capture yesterday morning.

About noon the United States Deputy Marshal arrested him. He was handcuffed and taken before Commissioner Beach, and the witnesses from Virginia identified him as the fugitive described in the papers. The Commissioner therefore remanded him. While the examination was going on, the news of the arrest began to be buzzed about town and a crowd began to gather. The Commissioner's office is in the second story. The fugitive had been placed with his back to a window, which, although handcuffed, he succeeded in raising, and attempted to throw himself back wards. He was caught, however, and drawn in again by the officers.

By this time some of his friends had gone to Judge Gould and made application for a writ of habeas corpus, which, being obtained, was placed in the hands of a deputy sheriff of the county, who served it. He was accordingly brought down, the deputy-sheriff having hold of his arm and the United States officials surrounding and following. An excited crowd of some 1,000 persons had gathered about the Commissioner's office, threatening a rescue. When the fugitive was brought down to be taken before Judge Gould, the crowd surrounded the officers endeavoring to take the man. Successful resistance was made for some time, but the rescuers gained advantage. The Sheriff was knocked down. One of the rescuers seized the fugitive's arms from behind, others grasped hold of the first, forming a long single file, (somewhat like that of the convicts in their march to the main State Prison,) and this column, running at full speed and swaying from side to side, pushed him rapidly down to the river. Others running before and on either side cleared the bank and prevented any attempt at seizure from being made. The United States officials recovering breath after the scuffle, ran in hot pursuit.

Arrived at the ferry, it was found that the ferry boat had just left the slip. No time was to be lost. The fugitive was instantly run down to the beach, and put into a skiff and the man in charge bid to fly oars vigorously. He did so, and the first stroke carried him beyond the reach of the Deputy Marshal, who had now reached the shore. Threats were made by the officers, who were armed, of firing at the boat, of going into the crowd, &c., &c., but they were not put into execution.

The negro was rowed across the river, and arriving on the opposite shore was re-arrested by a West Troy Constable.

Here another great crowd gathered; the fugitive was taken to the Justice's office, which the mob surrounded, broke into and rescued the fugitive from the officers and carried him off in a carriage. Bows, pistol-shots and knock-downs occurred during the affair, but no one was seriously injured. Colored persons were the most active participants in the rescue.

THE SCENE AT WEST TROY—DESCRIPTION BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

(From Another Correspondent.)

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon. I was standing by the Exchange in West Troy, near the steam ferry, when I suddenly saw a great crowd running down along the dock on the opposite side of the river, in pursuit, apparently of a black man, without any hat or coat, running as if for his life. The bystanders told me he was a fugitive slave. There must have been four or five hundred in the crowd, if not more. He reached the shore, jumped into a skiff, and the ferry-man put off immediately into the river. Those leading the pursuit, who appeared to be officers, endeavored to stop him, and even rushed a few steps into the water after the boat. But they were too late. The ferryman rowed rapidly across the stream, and landed him at the dock in West Troy. But here another Deputy Marshal and assistants were in waiting, who instantly seized him, and hurried him up to the Justice's office, near the Exchange, to lock him up until the Marshal from Troy could get over the river to take him in charge.

Meanwhile the crowd began to gather on the side around the Justice's office, and the ferry boat from the other side brought over large numbers, who, with loud shouting and hallooing, were threatening or advising a rescue. Probably one-third of them were black men and women. The Justice's office was up stairs. The crowd rushed up these stairs, but were met at the top by the Deputy Marshal and his assistants, who presented pistols, threatening to fire. The crowd surged back and forth two or three times, as if undecided. From the outside I heard no firing, though persons who were in, afterwards told me that a pistol was snapped once, missing fire, and then fired, the ball passing through a man's hat.

This exasperated the crowd and another rush took place, and the door went down with a crash. At once immediately, down the stairs poured the crowd with the fugitive in their midst. Then there was great cheering. I lost sight of him in the crowd as they hurried him down the street towards the Albany road. Here, I was informed, he was put into a wagon, and escaped to parts unknown. Great excitement was manifested, and great good humor seemed to prevail, as the multitude gradually dispersed or gathered into little knots around the street-corners, discussing the exciting event.

The Troy area thus relates a portion of the affair which took place across the river.

After two repulses, the attacking party rallied, armed with brickbats, clubs and the like, and carrying a small drygoods box as a shield, which was dropped near the foot of the stairs.

"Mr. Kiesburgh preceded the crowd and effected an ingress to the office, although fired at twice. A powerful colored man named Martin, followed him, and was pushing through the doorway, when Mr. A. J. Morrison, who defended it, struck him upon the forehead violently with the back of a hatchet. The blow stunned him, and he fell in the doorway in such a manner as to prevent its closure, and to enable those just behind to rush over and seize the fugitive, who stood near the door. Mr. Morrison was unable to withhold him from their grasp. They hurried him down stairs, one or two bulls following them.

"Amid the exclamations of the crowd, Nalle was hurried off down street. Near the postoffice, an unwilling farmer was stopped and obliged to take him on board. But his wagon soon broke down. Again the party hurried off towards the Shaker road on foot, until near the rear of the Arsenal wall, where they were overtaken by a fleet horse provided for the purpose by a colored man named Hank York. With this, and a good supply of fire-arms, Nalle was hurried off "toward the North Star and freedom." Hank York and Andrew Parker another resolute colored man, accompanied him. When last heard from he was about four miles west of the village, and going at a good rate of speed.

"We do not feel called on to mention the names of prominent actors in the scenes which took place in our streets. There were many prominent and leading citizens, active and energetic in their efforts to rescue the fugitive, while other prominent and respectable citizens were equally active in their efforts to vindicate the majesty of the law.

"The negroes were particularly active in all the street scenes, and it is stated that they were generally armed with knives. Pistols, knives and other weapons were frequently produced by both whites and blacks in the crowds, but we do not hear that any weapon was used in this city."

CONSTITUTIONALLY TIRED.

[A North Carolina correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune*, gives the following illustrations of the indifference which he everywhere saw in that State:]

The tendency to inactive indifference is everywhere to be noticed. Even the most youthful of the community are not free from it. Juvenile sports are conducted on the most languid principles. I had, the other day, a charming experience with a "representative child" of Carolina. He was a stable-boy, and was deputed to drive me, in an open and imperfectly constructed wagon, from Lexington to High Point, a distance of about twenty miles. He was almost eleven years old, and given to abrupt speech, warmly spiced with impromptu profanities. His face was not strictly round, but, while betraying slight traces of watery purification, beamed with a certain dignity; and, although his trousers were torn, they disclosed a knee that was not framed to crook in pregnant hinges. The lad was chary of his confidence, and concealing me, evidently cherished a suspicion of something Northern. I sought at first to win his regard, but he steadily repelled all such advances.

The road from Lexington to High Point is intricate. We had passed over about a mile of it, when the small boy started me by demanding if I were acquainted with the way. I assured him I was not; and, indeed, it was not exactly the reasonable thing for him to expect of me, since I was then traversing it for the first time. "No more am I," said he with calm indifference. I suggested then, that there might be difficulties in getting at the right direction. "Oh well," he said, "you can inquire I suppose." I admitted the truth of that, and he seemed to look upon that matter as settled.

Presently he laid the reins upon my knee, intimating that he was tired, and that I had better undertake the driving for a while. Of course it was impossible to deny him the privilege of being tired, that being the natural and lasting prerogative of the white North Carolinian. As I yielded to his wish, he remarked, "Now if I fall out, you must wake me up," and straightway coiled himself in the straw upon the wagon and went to sleep. Under these circumstances, it was impossible for me to do anything else but lose this way, which I accordingly did, and succeeded in accomplishing two or three miles in a wrong course before meeting any human being from whom to gain information. My small boy roused himself at this time, demanded an explanation, and took it exceedingly ill that I should so have blundered. His principal objection to my deviation was that hunger began to assail him, and his chance of dinner were deferred by at least an hour. But soon he sought again sunnier consolation.

The road from Lexington to High Point is intricate. We had passed over about a mile of it, when the small boy started me by demanding if I were acquainted with the way. I assured him I was not; and, indeed, it was not exactly the reasonable thing for him to expect of me, since I was then traversing it for the first time. "No more am I," said he with calm indifference. I suggested then, that there might be difficulties in getting at the right direction. "Oh well," he said, "you can inquire I suppose." I admitted the truth of that, and he seemed to look upon that matter as settled.

Suppose that instead of this sentence being on man, it was upon a hundred or a thousand, and it might as well be; and suppose that, instead of taking away my liberty, they had taken away my life—and the Senate have the same power over the other—what then? Suppose the Senate had brought to the block 200 citizens for alleged contempt of their authority? The principle would have been precisely the same. Is the country prepared for this?

In answer to those of my friends who desire to know what is to be the issue of the matter, I can only say that at present this is not within the counsels of my "will."

THADDEUS HYATT.
WASHINGTON JAIL, 16th April, 1860.

BENEFICIAL RESULTS OF WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.

The Methodist Quarterly Review has in the April number an extensive article on the "Results of West India Emancipation," in which we find a tabular view of the comparative condition of the British western slave colonies in 1833 and in 1851-2. From this it appears that in eighteen years, since the emancipation, the population of these colonies went up from 227,224 to 1,069,895, an increase of over thirty per cent, and every single colony had increased, except the small islands of Anguilla, Montserrat and Nevis. The yearly revenue increased from £432,999 to £175,729, the value of imports from £3,205,523 to £4,727,205. Shipping increased from 473,091 tons to 551,628. The sugar exports to the United Kingdom had gone down from \$3,640,356 to \$4,088,637, a falling off of less than 8 per cent, while the home consumption had become immense, besides a considerable export to the other countries. The writer of the article, Rev. Henry Bleby, an English Wesleyan clergyman in Barbadoes, who has resided also in Jamaica for fourteen years, adds the following remarks.

"The statistical view which we have given of the colonies in 1851-2 exhibits the results of emancipation under the most unfavorable aspect; for that as already shown, was the period when the affairs of the planters were at their worst, and the financial condition and prospect of the colonies most dark and discouraging. Since that a vast improvement has taken place in the West Indies. Sugar having risen in value, an impulse has been given to its culture and manufacture. The planters adopting modern improvements, the cultivation of their estates highly remunerative, and the profitability of free oversea labor no longer a matter of question or experiment, but of demonstration and certainty."

Having completed his slumbers, in the course of an hour he awoke, not clear as to temper, and began to proffer unpleasant observations. "If you whip him on the rump," said he of the horse, whose name was Buchanan, by reason probably of his age, his slowness, and the great uncertainty of his movements, "he will kick up." I declared that nothing was further from my intention than to whip that noble animal on the rump; at which my counselor became silent, though apparently not much convinced.

Next came a powerful hint that if Buck was driven too fast, he was sure to have the bote. I called attention to the undeniable fact that Buck could not, by any possible method known to the human race, be driven fast. He then protested that it made but very little difference whether he was driven fast or not, he was still prone to bolt on most occasions; and that, so far as his belief, bote were very sure to invent between the place where we were and High Point. I hoped not, but asked what course, in case of bote it would be proper to pursue. My counselor answered that there was nothing in particular to be done excepting molasses and milk, and, as he had't any molasses and milk about him, Buck would probably die without delay. This was by no means a cheerful prospect, but Young Carolina appeared not much affected by it after all, and in the course of ten minutes had himself away for another sleep.

He slept until we reached High Point, and was then with some difficulty persuaded to attend to the necessities of old Buck, who had not shown the slightest disposition to die, or to have the bote, or to do anything at all in the slightest degree exciting.

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The vote on the propositions in the various As-

semblies has been received and will shortly be laid before the General Conference. It is understood to stand as follows:

FOR THE EAST RULE.

Iowa, Indiana, Michigan, New Hampshire, Upper Iowa, West Wisconsin, Wyoming.

FOR THE PROVIDENCE RULE.

Providence, North Ohio, Black River, East Genesee, Minnesota, New England.

FOR THE CINCINNATI RULE.

Cincinnati, Maine, Troy.

Strong Anti-Slavery, but not expressing any preference.

Detroit, Kansas and Nebraska, New York East, North Indiana, Peoria, Southwest Indiana, South Illinois.

The following Conference voted against any change of the rule; but those in Italy are strong anti-slavery, and regard the present rule as sufficient:

Arkansas, Baltimore, California, Illinois, East Baltimore, Kentucky, Missouri, Newark, New Jersey, Oregon, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Virginia, Newark.

Some of the Conferences have endorsed two or more of the propositions at different times; one, New York, presented an independent proposition; while most of those not endorsing either passed radical resolutions on the subject, desiring to sever all connection with slaveholders.

Four Conferences, viz Delaware, Rock River, Wisconsin and Vermont, have not been heard from.

Eighty-nine memorials were presented on Friday asking for a change in the Slavery Rule.

CHOICE OF PRESIDENT BY THE HOUSE.

It is supposed by some that the next election of President will be thrown into the House of Representatives, and the Times figures the result as follows:

Fourteen States, viz Alabama, Arkansas, California, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, Oregon, South Carolina, Texas and Virginia would cast their votes for the Democratic nominee.

Fifteen States, viz Connecticut, Indiana, Iowa, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont and Wisconsin would be represented by the Republicans.

Maryland and Tennessee for the Opposition candidate, and the vote of Kentucky and North Carolina would be equally divided.

With Kansas admitted, the Republican candidate would have sixteen States but not a majority. Without Kansas it would stand:

Republican candidate, 15 States.
Democratic candidate, 14
Southern Opposition candidate, 2
Tied, 2
Total, 33
Necessary to a choice, 17

If no candidate has a majority of all the electors, then the House must from the three highest, make the election, and that, too, by a majority of all the States. If they fail to do this previous to the 4th of March, then the Vice President shall act as President. If no Vice President shall have been elected by the House, then the Senate shall choose one from the two highest numbered on the list voted for.

It will be seen, therefore, that, if no President or Vice President should be chosen next Fall, and if the House of Representatives shall fail to elect either, the Senate will have the appointment of the Chief Magistrate, though it can only select from two names presented by the House. In effect the Democratic members of the House of Representatives would have the power of election.

MANIFESTATIONS ON SLAVERY.

BY DR. CHEEVER.

We have waited and watched to see if the gathering of hundreds of thousands into the Churches, and the establishment of noon prayer-meetings in our great cities, would be signified by any greater tenderness of conscience, any deeper abhorrence of this sin, any new effort against it, any tide of supplication in behalf of the enslaved, any united and organized labors of prayerful zeal, any rallying of moral power and spiritual energy against this gigantic iniquity, any such results as are recorded to have followed the great revivals noted in this sin, any new effort against it, any new effort to vindicate the simple exercise of a most unquestionable right, that of reading and circulating a work of condemnation of slavery. A minister of the gospel, of unqualified, irreproachable character, imprisoned for using the freedom of his duty as a teacher and preacher of Christ, for exercising the common rights of a free citizen to form his own opinions in regard to all institutions, and to express his convictions as to the right or wrong in them! These outrages, and the inquiry that is the cause of them, and the irreligious and immoral state of society produced by the prevalence and sanction of that iniquity, ought to have been rebuked by the Churches and the Ministry. The policy of silence is that of consent.

Again, the past winter has witnessed the shameless petition from more than a thousand mercantile firms of this city to the Legislature of this State praying that the sanction and security of law might be given for the introduction of six among ourselves, that the laws forbidding slavery might be abolished, and the hospitality of the State so enlarged, that slaveholders might come hither with their slaves, and sojourn unmolested, their chattels being secured to them! A position from merchants, many of them doubtless members of Christian Churches, for the establishment of slavery in the State and City of New York! Just as if a race of Jewish traders had been seen petitioning the council of the nation, in behalf of the descendants of those Ishmaelites who bought Joseph from the patriarchs and sold him into Egypt, that they might be permitted to journey with their human chattels in Jerusalem, and to carry on their traffic unmolested, for the sake of a larger business with the merchants of Judea, and a greater profit therein, and that for this purpose the law of God against slavery and for the protection of fugitives might be repealed. If there had been such a record, we should have said that Judas must have been a lineal descendant from those merchants.

It will be seen, therefore, that, if no President or Vice President should be chosen next Fall, and if the House of Representatives shall fail to elect either, the Senate will have the appointment of the Chief Magistrate, though it can only select from two names presented by the House. In effect the Democratic members of the House of Representatives would have the power of election.

SALEM, OHIO, MAY 12, 1860.

THE THING CONCEDED.

During the session of the Charleston Convention, a Mr. Caulfield of Georgia, boldly made the declaration that he had on his plantation slaves "direct from Africa," and they were "the nobest Romans of them all." And the Northern delegations, in full view of this unqualified admission of participation in a piratical trade, were still willing to fraternize with Mr. Caulfield and his fellow.

Of course Mr. C. is one of the leaders of the Union whose law he sets at nought, and of course his vote was entirely acceptable if it could aid in a nomination that would secure to the Democratic leaders the division of the spoils.

Meanwhile, in both free and slave States, what

process of law can be used without a trial, which he is compelled to undergo?

And when the trial does come, he is compelled to go through the same process of law.

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THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Miscellaneous.

From the New School Journal.
THE WORST BOY IN SCHOOL.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. MORTON.

"Is that one of my scholars?"

Miss Morton, the new teacher, pointed to a lad just outside the garden fence. He was ragged and dirty; barefooted too, wore an old straw hat, so much in pieces that his tangled locks stuck up every which way through the holes. He was throwing stones at a robin's nest that hung high in a cherry tree, and screeching all the time in a way that made one involuntarily clasp his hands to his ears.

"I am sorry to say it is," replied Deacon Gray. "The worst boy in school, too, the one that will make you the most trouble. Indeed I don't believe you'll ever be able to do anything with him. He's as strong as a giant, little short fellow as he is. He begged the teacher last winter and left him dead. He's the worst boy, take him all in all, I ever saw."

"He has parents?"

"No; his mother died when he was a baby, and his father, a hard working man, hadn't any time to see to him; and the child, I expect, had a pretty hard time of it, with one old maid and another for housekeeper. When he was five years old his father died, and since that he has been tossed from pillar to post. He is naturally a bright boy, and if his mother had lived he might have been somebody, for she was just one of the most patient loving women you ever saw in all your life, a Christian woman, if there were one."

"Poor boy!" Miss Morton spoke tenderly. "What a pity somebody don't adopt him, take him into their home and heart!"

"That's just what I told father many a time," said Mrs. Gray, looking up from the bread she was kneading. "I've always said if some one would only take him and do by him as they would do by their own born child, it would be the salvation of him."

"Mother wanted I should take him this spring, when he was out of a place, but I told her it was too risky. If I hadn't any children I might perhaps, but to have such a rough, tearing, swearing, mischievous boy here all the time with my three little girls, learning all sorts of business to that youngster there, and he pointed to a two-year-old boy who sat on the floor, playing with posies. I couldn't risk it no way. Yet I am sorry for him."

"That's what everybody says," continued his wife. "They are all sorry for him, but no one is willing to try and reform him, and if it isn't done soon, it'll be too late, for just as sure as he goes on the way he is now, he'll be in the penitentiary before he's twenty-one."

"I wish you had taken him in." Miss Morton spoke earnestly.

"You won't wish so a month hence," said the Deacon, just wait till you've seen him out."

"But if I do think so four weeks from now, will you take him? Say yes; please do," and she laid her hand confidingly on his arm.

"Well, yes; if after that time you think you can do anything with him, why, I'll try him a spell—he's a hard case."

Miss Morton looked out of the window again. The boy had now climbed over the palings and was now starting up the tree. She went out quietly into the front yard. There were not many flowers in bloom yet, only a few daffodils, bunch of four days, and a box of violets. She gathered a few of the latter and sauntered leisurely down the gravelled walk, pausing now and then to look at the annuals just peeping out of the moist ground. By and by she reached the cherry tree, on whose lowest bough the boy yet stood, for he had not advanced a foot since she came out, having been steadily eying her.

"What are you trying to get, little boy?" She spoke pleasantly, and a lovely smile played about her lips.

"A robin's nest, ma'am." He was no liar, with all his faults.

"O, I wouldn't!" Her voice had a grieved tone. "It would be such a pity, when the birds have just hatched it. Are there eggs in it?"

"I didn't know; I'll see," and he climbed rapidly to the nest. "You're a man, four." He didn't touch them, but came down again to the lowest bough.

"There'll be little birds soon, then, and it'll be so pleasant for me to watch them. I wish you wouldn't touch them."

"I won't ma'am. I didn't want it for myself, but poor little Tommy said last night he wished he had wings of bird's eggs to look at. Tommy is here, and can't get out much, and he gets homesick, and wants something to play with. So I thought I'd get him some."

"Is Tommy your brother?"

"No, ma'am. I never had any brother, or sister either." His voice softened as he spoke. "He belongs to the folks where I stay."

"I'll send Tommy something as pretty as bird's eggs." She said, and she broke off a large bunch of lilies and handed him the purple plumes. "Carry this to him. Put it in a pitcher of water, and it'll keep fresh several days; and here are some flowers for you," and she gave him the little bunch of violets she had gathered. "Run quick with them now or you will be late to school. You're going to school, ain't you?"

"Are you the new teacher?"

"Yes."

"I'm going then. I'll be there in time," and he was off.

Now only the night before, he had declared up and down to Tommy that he wouldn't go to school. It was no use. He never would be anybody, and he was used of being bogged and boxed. He would stand it from a woman teacher. And if they sent him to school he'd play "hooky" he would. Yet the very next morning he was in a hurry to go, fearing that he should be late. Why, will dare say there is not magic in kind words!

Miss Morton went early to the school house. The boy's boy was already there.

"Ago," said she kindly, "you beat me. But I'm very glad you're here, for I want to learn some thing about the school. What is your name?"

"Bill Henderickson, ma'am."

"My Whiling, my dear, or Will. Bill is not a pretty nickname."

"It's what I've been called ever since my father died," and he sighed.

"Then your father is dead, poor boy." She spoke again.

"Indeed, 'tis your mother—"

"—she's dead, too, ma'am. I cannot even remember how she looked," and new tears gathered into his blue eyes.

Courage, though! Miss Morton. A boy who weeps at the mention of his dead mother, cannot be ill-fated. And she laid her hand reassuringly on his brown hair, and said softly, "I know how to often thought that if the sky missionaries would

That gentle touch. It melted the poor boy's heart entirely, but with the better feelings that then surged over his soul came a feeling of shame, too, and for the first time in his life he blushed for his matted hair, and his dirty face and bands.

"I believe," he said, after a moment's thought, "I'll run down to the brook and wash myself. I forgot it this morning. No I didn't either," disdaining the falsehood. "I was too bad to do it, but I'll wash now."

"De Willie, that's a good boy. I love to see my people neat and tidy. Here's a towel for you to wipe on. I always bring one with me to school, for the little ones most always need washing after dinner. And here are a pair of pocket-handkerchiefs new ones. I'll give them to you if you'll promise to use them every day."

Willie ran to the brook and made such a dexterous use of towel and comb, that he hardly seemed like the same boy when he returned.

"Why, you're real handsome!" Miss Morton spoke involuntarily, but she spoke the truth, for he was a handsome little fellow, with a high, fair brow, and a wealth of nut brown hair clustering about his temple, in soft, silky curly.

"I shall not have much time to talk to you, for I hear the children coming," and as she spoke little matches of musical laughter came ringing through the open door; "but one time I must say, I need your help, Willie."

He looked up and his blue eyes dilated in wonder. "Help? What could be done to help her?"

"She continues: 'I need your help, Willie. You are probably one of the oldest pupils I shall have, and the little ones will look up to you as an example.'

If they see you quiet, mannerly, orderly, faithful to your studies, and prompt in recitations, they will strive to emulate you, and I shall have but little difficulty in governing the school; but, if on the contrary, you are noisy, forward, rude, negligent of your lessons, and dilatory in coming to your class, they will imbibe your spirit, and I shall go home every night sad and weary. Willie you are cut out for a good boy," and she moved her hand over his now glossy hair. "Your head is a good one. If you will only guide it by your heart, it will make a good, and perhaps a great man of you. Can I trust you, Willie, will you help me to make this school a credit to the district?

Willie had never been talked to in that way before. He had never had trust reposed in him. He hardly knew what to make of it now, but he did not hesitate to say at once, "I will help all I can. Perhaps I shall forget sometimes, and act bad, because I am so used to acting up, that it'll go hard to be good at once, but if I do, just look at me and I'll give up."

The other scholars came just then, and looked surprised enough to see Willie there in earnest conversation with the teacher. They hung back shyly.

Tell me their names, Willie," said Miss Morton kindly, and as she spoke to each one, she took them gently by the hand, stroked the heads of the little boys, and kissing the cheeks of the little girls.

School opened. The scholars watched in vain for Willie to begin his antics, but proud of the confidence reposed in him, he never, that morning violated a single rule.

"You have done nobly," said Miss Morton to him. She opened her dinner-pail. "Bless me, but Mrs. Gray must have thought I had a wolf's appetite. Can't you help me devour some of this generous dinner?" The boy used to scrape and crust, took eagerly the nice, white bread, the thin slices of pick ham, the fresh, hard-boiled eggs, the seed cakes and rhubarb pie.

"Are there any cow-slips in the brook?" she asked, when the meal was finished.

"O, yes, ma'am, plenty of them."

"I wish you would bring me five or six pretty ones. I am going to make a herbarium, and I want some of all the early flowers."

The boy didn't know what a herbarium was, but he brought the flowers quickly, and looked on with curious eye while she analyzed one of them, and then, after consulting her Botany, carefully arranged the remainder in the shape of a crescent, and placed them between the leaves of a large blank book she took from her desk.

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The other scholars gathered around her, and one little girl asked what she did with that work."

Miss Morton explained, and then carefully turning the leaves, showed them a page on which lay pressed the delicate stars of the trailing arbutus, and another on which the shell-shaped flowers of the anemone, and another where the pretty little spring beauties lay clustered.

"I am desirous of making a very large and beautiful collection, which I wish to present, when finished, to an invalid friend of mine, a lady whose lame ness prevents her from getting out into the fields and forests to see the flowers."

"Ah, but one swallow does not make a summer."

"I know it, Deacon, but then one swallow is a harbinger of summer. It gives us a hope of summer and harvest. It tells us there is warm weather somewhere. Deacon, I have studied the boy this week, and I am satisfied that he only needs kind treatment and encouragement to place him far above the average of men. O, if you would only let him come here now, I'll answer for his good conduct."

The Deacon hesitated, but Miss Morton pleaded, and eloquently too, for she felt that a soul's salvation lay in the answer she should receive to her proposition.

You'd make a good prescher, Miss Morton, and he drew his hand over his eyes. It's hard resisting you. In fact I guess I'll have to yield. If mother's willing, he may come to-night.

"I'll never repeat this good deed, Deacon, never, never. The boy must be good in such a home as this; so neat, quiet and well arranged. I'll answer for him."

"Do, Willie, and any other wild flowers you may find. I shall be so glad of them, and in return I'll teach you Botany, at noon and before school in the morning, and give you a book like mine to place your specimens in. Wouldn't you like to have a herbarium?"

"O, yes, ma'am, I guess I would," and the blue eyes were very bright. Early next morning Willie was at the school-house with six beautiful specimens of blood root and several other specimens of flowers which had peeped out of the moss and undergrowth of the forest. And Miss Morton laid them in a new herbarium, with William Henderickson written on the cover, and a beautiful piece of poetry written on the first page. She divided all the flowers and gave him half, showing him how to analyze them, and how to press them, and write under each in her own fair handwriting, the name, class and order, the spot where it grew, its peculiar characteristics, its medical qualities, if he had them, and also an appropriate quotation from some poet, and the language which Burke has given it.

The week passed. Friday night came, and Willie, instead of being the worse had been the best boy in school. He was a bright little fellow, and now that his mind and heart were engaged, he had fair to outstrip his mates. Miss Morton shared her dinner with him every day, removing thus one source of his boy's restlessness and disobedience, for every one knows a full stomach, not overfilled, but a comfortably full stomach, dispenses one to be more genial and orderly than an empty one can possibly do. Indeed we have often thought that if the sky missionaries would

"O, I'll be so good," he said. "Do tell me what I can do for you, Mrs. Gray," and without waiting for an answer, he ran to the shed and brought in the night's wood, and split the kindlings, and drew the water and lit the kettle, fed the pigs and brought in the eggs.

"You can milk, Willie! the Deacon generally does, but he has to-night, and will be tired when he comes in."

"O, yes, ma'am, I guess I can," and he soon brought the swimming-pails into the dairy.

The snow-white biscuit, the quivering custard

carried a good dinner first to the poor sinners, and afterwards a tract, the chance of converting them would be much greater.

They walked home together, Friday evening, the school-ma'am and the little ragged, bare-footed, and almost bald-headed pupil. She made the way pleasant to him, talking to him of the beautiful world that they lived in, and pointing out the various interesting things that were all about them; the old gray mountains in the distance, with the purple shadows of evening dropping over them; the green fields besides them; the dark forest with its shadowy sides, stretching far into the distance; the blossoming orchards, with their snowy promises; the little brooklets with its singing waters; the brown and golden birds filling the scented air with their golden notes; and lastly, the starry west, with the amber currents of sunshine playing over it in gorgeous tides. And when she knew his heart was interested, and full of unutterable longing, she said quietly, "What a good God to place us in so world so fair. Would you not like to know something more about him, Willie?"

"Would you like to know something more about him, Willie?"

"I would, indeed, but I am not sure that you are not a scholar."

"I am not a scholar, but I am a good boy. I love to see my people neat and tidy. Here's a towel for you to wipe on. I always bring one with me to school, for the little ones most always need washing after dinner. And here are a pair of pocket-handkerchiefs new ones. I'll give them to you if you'll promise to use them every day."

Willie ran to the brook and made such a dexterous use of towel and comb, that he hardly seemed like the same boy when he returned.

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